What were they doing now?

Johnny heard murmurs. The rows of citizenship medals on the puffy chests of clean air ambassadors tinkled as they turned, searching for dissenters.

They were goons. He wanted a cigarette. It was like wanting the moon.

Since there was no good reason why they weren't doing them now, why should anyone believe they WOULD be - with a lot more money - in 15 years?

WHY? Foxy herself supplied the answer, the only part of her TRASH TALK that struck him as true. Which of course, she didn't get!

There was no reason. She herself was a notoriously unscrupulous liar, and $CAMH really was more than a hospital. It was a MOVEMENT - and worse than a MOVEMENT - a RELIGION - a CULT - and she among its chief mountebanks.

She didn't require reason. She demanded - and got - BELIEF.

Sometimes to be more was to be less.

Apparently, from her own statements - MUCH less.

The so-called BREAKTHOUGH CAMPAIGN was fraudulent - offering no breakthroughs, just things $CAMH should already have been doing but wasn't. For this, they wanted more money?!

It was a faith-based media construct.

It should have been scrapped. She should have gone back to pimping cold-cuts and wieners for Citizen Hearse on Thing Street.

Trixie should have gone back to Hollywood. Maybe they needed her car.

Meanwhile she boasted that where once stigma had been so strong that the community was hesitant to be associated with $CAMH, now billionaire donors' names proudly blkazed on $CAMH buildings and shopping centres....

Johnny noticed she'd slipped from removing stigma from clients to removing it from billionaire donors. A Freudian slip?

A corporation slapping its moniker on a building was re-stigmatizing in worse ways. Reminding Johnny that now he was a client of Bell, Labatt, Beamish, Lilly, Pfizer and Vixen Foxy Weasel-Theatre herself....